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For my family

540493390 (research)

You began by studying contraptions and drones—their gorgeous honour, their numbers and their orders—and you allowed them to lull you towards a position. They composed an inaudible sound in your mouth and they registered this sound as a position shorn of noise. You studied how numbers could impose longer and shorter positions and how they could formulate your explorations. You studied how to humanize a random set of computations.

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If those computations were produced by coincidence, who were you to complain? The numbers located your position and you found that position could not be considered from an outside point of observation, but rather from the point of its fundamental personality as nil. You learned to allocate values to those numbers: zero for naught, one for left,

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two for centre, three for right, four for moon, and so on. The outcome offered by those numbers touched the way you spoke and your production of sound. You learned to stop or go on your voice. You thought the truncated quality of your voice would offer some sort of common opposition and so you spoke about numbers as though they wore out politics.

Possibly you were wrong, though you did not know that then. The truncated sound of your voice piloted you towards your studies of the social: what objects cost, how they spread, their death and the death of nationless pockets of countries, along with the mourning of local foliage and the absolute dominion of acoustic solitude. And of course, the ubiquitous power of domains, rooms, and their owners. You formulated notes and located them in position. But that was not enough, so you turned to reading stories which you thought had been cut adrift from their social moorings, as though such an occurrence was ever possible. You pondered those stories, confused, unable to count them or to account for their improbable contents. Abandoning all, you studied how to soar among clouds, and you soared.

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You turned among clouds to locate a home in air. You saw a face glow darkly near the lustre of your hair. Until you learned to disappear—until no residue survived, no monikers, not even the optimistic moon-light which was void and shadowless

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and which encompassed the thousands of clouds while you stood with one toe in a cup of water and the other in a wall socket, nor the vanishing point, nor the null set of calculation, *no*. No one supposed that you had learned how to be spacey with undertones.

No one supposed that you understood how to be dismembered. For you had chosen to deploy an age-old formula to throw your joints and bones towards an otherworldly position, where you learned about prototypes of love. You turned into one obsessed with sums and how they organized your joints and bones, collecting them around your otherworldly position. You became lonely and lost in that otherworldly position, but refused to ignore your vocation. You called it soul and you thought you heard it shouting for coherence. Moreover, from that position your joints learned to cure and your bones learned to love and your torso became heroic with numbers. Your meditations revolved your skeleton around and through equations, and your joints and bones were reconstituted by those equations.

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Turning tough and durable, they solidified as the iron joints and bones of compassion. You learned from them how to avoid problematic orgasms—how to avoid the troublesome orgasms of that otherworldly position—and how to embody those orgasms with love.

Humbled, you turned your love towards your bones and joints. They became the spouse of your early explorations, and you continued on with them, shorn of social position. Or so you thought. Who proved you wrong?

You had heard of a communal erotic—how orgasm could offer social revolution—and so your mouth was crowded with a throng. You opened your lungs to romance and you swallowed organic food and you spoke about the politics of psycho-erotic orientation. You studied throngs, lungs, pastures and meadows. And you studied how pastures and meadows could organize your bones and joints.

2

During your moments of jubilant contour with bones and joints you also wondered what you had learned from advocating meadows and pastures.

2

Although you were fond of donning meadows and pastures, you found your manoeuvres couldn't provide the answers you were looking for.

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You wondered how those bones and joints could improve the world and you studied your local contacts, who worked towards that goal to no avail. Some of them found you too bourgeois—your scope too narrow for social contradictions. Sometimes you concurred. You understood none of your studies but you sustained hope in your methodology—your organs and your numbers—and you saw how those organs and numbers were shared among all, and were therefore social. And you learned that some of those organs and numbers returned from the social, bereaved from all accounts. Nonetheless you hoped that your voluptuous, over-the-top sums and your disembodied studies of organs and numbers would allow for some sort of contribution.

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And so your voluptuous, over-the-top sums hung low from your trousers while you pondered
how your appearance colluded with rock and roll, with Gregorian chants and soul and dub

and also with opera's opulence—the soprano's throat gone euphoric from warming up with drones. Her drones showed you on the contrary how your love denoted a position at its most responsive. Its most joyous. Her drones showed you how to move towards addition, and also, how to foster your equations in their absence. How to count on more remote positions, disembodied. They told you to go abroad, to learn about love and numbers among far-removed lands, and they vanished, vamoose!

So you voyaged on to a totally scorched country, where you discovered how to become the burning bush of your own loosened hip joint. You studied the colour of stones at the dome of the rock, salmon-rose at sundown. In the Peruvian foothills you studied sleepless organs and rustic saliva, and you stood indolent under the moon, scrounging, horrified, and blooming with problems—all of this looked four-dimensional to you, like a spontaneous cure, but it was also full of love and the joy of orgasms, and you monitored your learning with numerical assurance.

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You voyaged then to European woodlands, where you learned to move through water whooshing over stones in a snowstorm, alone, looking towards a blue, lost location, surrounded by movies and photographs of glaciers, and where you also looked on people who blossomed from kneeling. They lived in a hive. The hive absorbed your education, turning you to a collection of floating cells, a sort of epiphenomenon of supernovas

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on their way to becoming supernova remnants.

You studied a black hole where death resides—the anti-womb, a non-existent cave between your legs, which you sought to satiate, but which offered only murder. And you became Romantic with cold. Each year the winter’s barren oscillations dotted you like something fallen, something savoured by crows near an inland ocean. You looked through a hole in a flag. You turned with the stars that rolled above, surrounded by hues of sundown and tones of refusal, under a glowing tower, neighbouring the call to prayer. You gave yourself over to a drone, enfolded by a sum. That winter you poured slow water into a porcelain bowl. Then you washed your joints and bones. You broke the bowl over a mound of foliage. You allowed the water to soak through all of the foliage until it turned to sodden blocks of pulp.

2

You positioned the sodden blocks of pulp about your skull so that you were unable to see, smell or hear. This tradition taught you again to love.

As long as you lay unconscious in those European woodlands, you absorbed that love, cradled by mountains and dumbstruck for eons. How heavy the months had become. You lost yourself on those forest footpaths, only to be born again as a conduit for adoration. Your devotion summoned you to be a companion to supernovas, to adolescents and to centuries, to fondness for nocturnal topics, sombre in those old walled towns, surrounded by primordial wood lore and the omnipotence of numbers, erroneous, positional, somnambulistic—

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O, if only a storm would explode the fog in which your future slumbered, fumbling and
guiltless!

A silhouette of your education was thrown along the road when you learned to huddle your mouth on a shroud. On a sum. Further south you studied aeronautics: mass, density, the substance of wings, the curve of feathers—all of this was sure and unsophisticated, and you took it around. Mass, density, the curve of an owl, the substance of an angel—you studied how those objects folded round a nest. Voyaging to the island of Livorno,

you continued to study like a cloud of fire, like a corpse within its grave, like a dome of many-coloured glass, like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished, like a wayward girl, like an atmosphere, like an infant's smile, like an un-bodied joy whose race has just begun, like autumnal night, like clouds in starlight widely spread, like clouds which have outwept their rain, like darkness to a dying flame, like earth's decaying leaves, like incarnations of the stars, like moonbeams behind some piny mountain shower, like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream, like shattered mountains, like stars of Heaven, like stars to their appointed height they climb, like stars, like the bright hair uplifted from a head like withered leaves to quicken a new birth.

3

Sometimes you were messy, though you dubbed yourself uneven. You studied variables and uneven vowels. You struggled with the problem of the almost constant. And you sought an anti-drone to overturn your learning.

3

For a change of tone you moved to post-war Brooklyn, where you studied chop suey on Dolores Street and pound cake at Woolworths and you bought an ugly Mayan Codex to dig what the ladies of Oaxaca were doing in those days,

then on to the school for delinquent boys of Latin American origin where Senorita La Chatta (first name Lola you once heard) didn't even stop breathing for once in her life and in the MILITARY SERVICE you bought a little coffin for Joselito and Paco and Pepe with publicity by the Dean of Lush Workers although you did think of *Old Faithful*, trans. Enrique El Culito or *The Dream Police* or *My Chicken Blood Ruby* by Gertie Le Sing Sing, but you didn't. You stuck with the coffin though it was cold and somewhat warmed your neck.

You left Brooklyn, and discovered in Missouri how exciting it was not to be the first paperback edition of a four dollar Grove Press best-seller. But you made a Great Mistake at the Great Fence. What you didn't know lay dead by the Great Fence, shot gun at his side. How frozen he was, how pale a statue, how full of galaxies. You wondered if you were in that part of Missouri where fun-loving novelists lay squirming in the river. For it wasn't enough to say "fine thing" when you had professional witches on the payroll or the basic formula of need which is the face of evil and cannot be quarantined. You asked everyone if your research should be associated with present or future professional witches.

You moved to the coast and learned that Honey Face was coming on the wrong day, so you went home to bed and lots of names drifted through your head: the Queen Bee, the Old Whisperer, Johnny “moved his body” Beagle, Jimmy the stamen—all unknown trophies of the early papers. You made coffee and read Honey Face, her life, so dark. She taught you how a coffee enema could produce mental stillness. Rather than putting water in the enema, you filled the bucket with warm coffee. Initially intimidating, you found the enema to be easy, breezy, beautiful, and good for the soft charm around your eyes. You used cooking oil on your bum and on the plastic tube. As an option, you used decaf.

And then you studied the American trade magazines. The stricken, mid-century perfection of *Evergreen* for example, which was covered with tongues and dirty fingers, pretty fingers shot with switches and excerpts, ingenious and ordinary and tired. You wished you were reeling around there though you didn't really believe in your wishes. So you moved to France, where you learned about a long-distant past where nothing subsists, and that after people died—

after things were broken and scattered—they returned with more vitality. There, the smell and taste of things remained poised for a long time, like souls ready to remind you, waiting and hoping for their moment, in the tiny and almost impalpable drop of their essence, the vast structure of recollection. But you weren't yet ready for that, so you travelled east, to the suburbs of Kyoto where you studied the brevity of haiku,

hoping to learn about the proverbial here and now. Instead you learned about *nothing* as if nothing were an object to be held, but not held like the sound of snow falling on branches is held or the sound of a distant temple bell is held or a crow in the forest—that branch was just a branch, it wasn't a distant temple bell or a crow or the snow-laden roof of a hut, it wasn't even Basho's hut or just a hut, any hut, the hut of Mukai Kyorai for example, Basho's friend.

2

“Basho was here!” you thought, as you learned about the space of nothing in crows, in chattering birds, in a gong next door, a single gravestone, other gravestones, a casket—

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all of this you recognized as one, a single, spatialized nothing, and then you forgot.

1

So you organized a formula for your failing memories.

If you then absorbed the image that you had formed of those memories, it was only by transforming that image, by subordinating its reappearance to your own special laws, and in consequence of this you made your studies more beautiful, but at the same time more different from anything that research could in reality be,

and, by increasing the arbitrary delights of your imagination, you aggravated the disenchantment that was in store for you when you set out upon your studies, which did not then represent research as a picture more or less attractive, cut out here and there of a substance that was common to it, but looked instead on everything as on an unknown thing, different from all the rest, a thing for which your soul was athirst, by the knowledge of which it would benefit.

3

During the period in which you went laboriously over your studies, as over a tune or a sum, though never to your own satisfaction, you never ceased to believe that the formulas founded on your research corresponded to a reality independent of yourself.

And you felt happy indeed. At that time you paid more attention to what was in your mind when you pronounced the word "research," which you thought to be unreal, unfixed, and which differentiated this period in your life from those which had gone before it (and might easily have been confused with it by an observer who saw things only from without, that is to say, who saw nothing).

How much more individual still was the character that your research assumed from being designated by numbers—numbers that pointed only to themselves, along with proper names such as trees have—names and numbers chosen as typical of everything else of the same sort, like some feudal right, of the former condition of some object, of an obsolete way of pronouncing the language, which had shaped and wedded its incongruous syllables and which you never doubted. To become acquainted with those names and numbers, which you had so often clambered onto in imagination, you should have stopped,

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alighting from them at the most beautiful of their losses. Instead, you went on learning, but on a more simple level, for example, you studied the importance of your body for oceans. You studied your own movements in space by taking a deep inhalation,

and with a jump you spread your legs apart sideways four to four and one half feet, holding this pose from twenty to thirty seconds with deep and even breathing while bending your right knee till your right thigh was parallel to the floor and you tightened your legs by drawing up your kneecaps, exhaling, then bending your trunk forward and resting your chest on your right thigh while your arms hung from your neck like a garland as you exhaled again, released your inner ears while moving your leg down sideways to the floor until your legs and hands were stretched in opposite directions and you inhaled, raising your head up, raising your hips up too from the floor with an exhalation and resting your hands on them by bending your arms at the elbows.

2

You thought about ∞ and \emptyset . Then you repeated the sequence with the root of your tongue soft. You did this for years, with some effect, although your research remained incomplete.

You couldn't describe it, but you sometimes felt sensations running through your nervous system for a few seconds at a time. You associated this with worship. You wanted to stop wounding yourself with the questions that surrounded you like thorns. You learned how everything that touches you burned you, and you drew your hand away in pain, until you had withdrawn yourself from all things. Then you were alone and you were lonely to the extent that you were simplified by thorns. Faced with those thorns, you wanted to be a kinder person, with softer hair and more generous foliage. They taught you how to love, and you gained weight through that love, as well as guilt. You thought of your studies like they were a foliage of thorns which you yearned to torch,

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and you wondered if that yearning meant that you were close to knowing something about love.

It was at this point in your studies that you began to attract students. Your questions for them:

1. Is this a body of knowledge or isn't it a body of knowledge?
2. Who are you kidding here?
3. True or false: between the known and the unknown lies the arena of chief interest.
4. Are there any people here who would like to transform this seminar into a wild love-in? [When you read this question to the class, you took off your shirt].
5. If there is a question, what is that question?
6. If there is nothing to say, nothing to understand, nothing to know, nothing to do, why are so many people here? And why do you stay?

However, your students remained silent, and so, disappointed, you told them that lowliness befits us all because it unites us with a kind of zero. Who was to say that you were mistaken in your voluntary poverty? You had to face the fact that your research was apparently worthless and that it even achieved no result at all, if not perhaps results opposite to what you had expected.

Although you still followed clouds, you often fell back on stones and mud to make peace with your own carcass. Your carcass learned that scorching and quenching could only be mastered through practice. It learned about stone, lichen, a last January day, a windy churchyard. And how sometimes homicide aspires towards the condition of example. Your carcass learned to apologize for your example, but you begrudged every moment of time spent in superfluous burning.

3

You knew nothing about secular granite, and yet the more you thought about it, the further off you were. True, there seemed to be no irreducible opposition between a casket and a coffin. But to blossom in space is to recognize blossoms in everything.

4

So you penetrated deeper and deeper into the same kinds of nothing. You learned how to strive for measure, freakish with your droning vowels. You read books shelved with their spines turned towards the wall. You learned to build your house from flames, to pile wood on the flames, and to leave them burning.

From the earth up, and into the skies, they burned towards the sun and stars. You told stories about flames, about the wood you found so dear, like numbers or like money—and still you had to go on building. You studied how to sit silent beside the flames, because that is the case, and you learned how everything could hear through your ears. How nothing hears. How some were searching in the clearly visible sunshine for flames which constantly vibrated in their minds, facilitating their fast ascent. And how those flames provoked an alert impression inside your mouth, though no one voted for smoke.

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For you, the psychology of burning included landscapes of arid plains, muddy swamps, hidden banks where barren lovers lay entwined, as well as bedrock faults and islands, whole continents of the mind—an imaginary geography whose catalogue covered the entire earth. You studied this *ad infinitum*. But far older, and most enigmatic of all, was the so-called *shaft of the dead man*. And so you passed away, returning to the drone of all origins, unknown, where you learned how your drone loved autumn, and how love could tumble down an open hole, bored or bound by frost and snow. How one could show the world those open holes so far from home. That what occurred, occurred in songs and drones.

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And pores occurred too they opened on a footnote. Overlooking zero, you studied how zero wounds. How none of the slow load of a word, without momentum, loses no one, and how one goes over words, over a hymn or a drone or a wound. Or a sum. You moved completely onto the floating world of that wound, of that drone. Those vowels, that sum, those numbers. Of the unknown, you studied nobody. Of the other *no*, you learned nothing. Of an open room, you found nothing uniform. You learned about soaking on a pond, or a brook, soaking where pores should float, should stop on a promise. You learned how the world could sojourn on promised ground.

4

As if you unfolded plots, allotments and soil for homes, unrolled those homes for nothing.
You studied hymns and drones who spoke about unfolding and how some of your comrades
could unfold your love for nothing, how that nothing came from love, communal,
pronouncing naught.

2

You learned of comrades, whom you loved, clouded, null and void with joints and bones disclosing zero.

2

And of volume, disclosing soundless bones and holes. For your love spent hours and hours on
soundless hymns, drones and clouds—

those long morning clouds, portions of clouds and whole clouds, clouds of soundless yellow and unknowing. Your commune offered clouds to the void. Bowed down they softly dropped below your bones. Mouth soft, clouds of nothing softening your tongue. Would that you followed bodies onto soil, onto a song abandoned by yellow or by clouds of love—communal love—broadening onto an unfathomable yawning yellow, not a shallow *no*, not a word or a wound, nor a bottomless *no* now frozen, now zero. You learned how the solid implodes those wounds, sometimes, imploding those untold yellows and clouds, those hymns of snow—and how powder dropped through a hole, around the border of a hole, towards crows who looped round the pond, looping over an unknown love unseen by none but crows.

2

You learned how hymns possessed your wounds with drones and you looked onto icons of crows, your unknown body longing for a hole.

There were always words, a plot or room, a space for naught, a hollow posture. For nothing hollow poured out with your song, poured out with your clouds or love of yellow wounds. Your yellow words, which couldn't occur. No billow of clouds, no smoke, no one overcooked, nor scorched—a wound longer than clouds, the yellow, unworldly songs or hymns sung towards a hole of love, or those whose mourning comes annulled.

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Those holes, annulled in your songs and your learning, your rooms of nothing.

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You studied in those rooms how to humanize broken sounds and how to sort a song from numbers, and though you found the contrivance of your acoustics somewhat boring,

you crossed their roughened country, moving under hopeless clouds towards your new-found position. With your cosmos thrown out. Hopeless or otherwise, you studied wood, a blonde sort of wood often thought of as bone, and you looked and looked at that wood for resolution. Atoms went out, not only onto clouds and wood soaked with nothing, nor onto roses, yellow roses for your worship and your learning, for your songs and for your hymns, your promises. Drones offered nothing other than another hole. It billowed out on your stomach. Swollen over clouds, your stomach showed off yellow songs, bone sore undulations of soundless disavowals.

Nobody annulled the moon though the moon annulled nothing. The moon nullified none of your promise, none of your learning, and roses could not follow. Nor atoms. Autumn songs of null and void and yellow clouds outside—all of them you studied, in order to show your longing blood a soundless wound. Your stomach was swollen to the zero point, the room of naught, a notch on the song of your clouds, on your optic mourning.

2

Joints, bones, stomachs, coffins—all coupled to clouds—you couldn't know, possibly coupled to clouds, or to your approval of clouds, or to sundown.

Would your learning know the route to sundown, looking through yellow clouds, looking beyond zero, towards a point or pause, an unknown echo of soil? Who on no occasion was? Those echoes, those opaque bogs, those gloomy knots of shadow, all of whom concealed the hollowness of clouds. On no occasion was a cloud a fog or a thorn in a fog. There were thorns and the clouds revolved overhead, before lowering onto important promises, and offering to conceal your love from what has gone soundless.

Gone gone, the hymn went on, and the clouds revolved so yellow, powerless as crowns. You studied songs of something that looked important, a lodestone to power your sermons or a frost you should have refused. Songs about how you covered yourself with fog and yellow hymns. Yellow crowns. You thought there was no other option but love, looking on more and more love, no option only loving through longing, through lonesome thorns. And objects like clouds and bones, or a stomach, so poor, so lost in the holding on of atoms. For love continued on in poverty of sorts, floating on the zero who offered you none of those objects you wanted, you longed for, although those objects opened always from that zero, opening out onto rooms, to plots and resolutions, to loads and loads of outer space, towards the cosmos and a promise.

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One corpse moved through vowels, and you learned how the foot and bone goes on loving and hollow, how the torso goes on loving and hollow, going on towards the hole, going solo but with hope. On the crown of the zero, or flung on the floor, on the slowest coffin, on the ropes, the longer pools of boulders thrown and roiling roots hollowed out, boiled through your constant learning, your humming through the fontanel and roaring through the poplar, through the woods, for nobody.

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You were not overcome, you wormed, and it was possible to compose your hymn to what occurred,

to come forward with no exposure to bone or thorn, to lose all flavour without tongue, but all to join in song together. You savoured the afternoon clouds, hollow as a hole without colour, without the coffin's body knowledge or the open plot of soil. Towards your hymn the coffin moved. You learned about nature, or what we call nature—how condors soared over mountains of soil, over the bloom of thorns, the hollow thorns of your song, of your soul and of your broken promise to the yellow clouds. You heard the village murmur muffled under oleander. You studied how to form a coffin-promise in the fog, the coffin not of rhododendrons grown for naught on a slope or for the cumulous hope of other flowers, other blossoms,

but for the thorn of an enormous halo, for the poverty and love of touching onto something close to blood, but not. The scope of that touch, its song and movement holding you then, holding the clouds and all, containing nothing, always. Or a promise to all who are unborn, an evaporation of promises, a riotous cross-pollination of work, of sounds who love. Communal touchstones for the world, touchstones for conclusions, for an irrevocable love, plus your holding a void so round and open, so communal with love, not only for union, not horizontal—a pause of sorts, a stop. You studied odd acoustics from a plot of soil, looking for the naught but warmth in love, longing for that crown, covered with consolations, a fortune for a novice, whose horizontal notes embossed you in your nowhere.

You forded that brook like it was a proverb about learning, a metaphor of something or other, maybe profound. You sang that song, that holy country shivering with joy against death. Yes, you learned about your death, for you had passed away, but to no avail. That was where small children ran after you, where you were wrong again, where you asked every soul you met, where you caught a fleeting glimpse, where you were still wrong, where you bid a last farewell.

1

And that was also where you forgot about the obscurity of nature, its non-antique fogginess.

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Where you last saw your wife, so strong with her leaf-green eyes. She smiled at you and cleared right through your aching noise. She was tall and taut with leaf-green thoughts and like a vine beside a summer wall she twined. She taught you about the underworld, about a stone tube connecting your burial chamber with the bridal branches waving above. The branches were gentle. They were not sure of themselves. They saturated themselves, pretended to adorn themselves, and they tried to speak about themselves like one struggling against the frivolity in their own nature. In this lay their greatness.

9+

You entered the space of the family as a corpse, and studied the words of your children for signs of that space, that love. “Actually I don’t want to read a book I want some toast” or “Clap ‘cause I singed the loveliest song” or “you’re going to have to get used to being killed” or “Now I can’t make my species, my onion-picket man. I did make one for you with celo-tape and paper” or “I did do floating” or “They put nails in him and then he died. Can you get me one?” or “One of the baddies got dead and one got never to be seen again” or “Is that really a good secret door? Look this is the real door” or “When people feel ill you sing that Daddy song that makes them feel better” or “No one in the world can count to infinity” or “I’m making a pile of mazes. Loads of them. Shall I show you how you make really good mazes? Each person has to make a maze” or “I hate you because you’re always away.”

Without those phrases, you wondered if your heartbeat was only a loan, the sign of a secret pact with something truly ignorant—you were the sound of traffic and then you were that driver even though you were dead: do not forget this! And do not be downcast, for the time will soon come for your earth-death in sand, with everything cold and full of value, a step closer to the silent magic of humanized numbers, surrounded by frost and snow. And flames.

2

Then you will forget how to lean towards love with your whole surface, and how to lay turned away with your whole inside.

5

You will forget about people who never flew—and yet there they were among the clouds. They remained in flight, dirt-fisted, immolated, imperious to mirrors, living in quasi-isolation like indistinct sticks involved with cliffs, infinite mists with written sites for liveries kitted into identical skirts, incarnations of celestial pavilions, sitting on billions and billions of bicycle tires on fire.

3

Others might study grieving trees, but you will abstain from studying grieving trees. You will abstain from what if's it, what if's this, whenever this will be, it will be this and even items will be items: these kinds of things will never aid your studies.

Peter Jaeger teaches poetry and poetics at Roehampton University in London.

Some other books by Peter Jaeger:

John Cage and Buddhist Ecopoetics. London: Bloomsbury P, 2013.

The Persons. York: Information as Material, 2011.

Rapid Eye Movement. London: Reality Street Editions, 2009.

Seminar XVII. Calgary: No P, 2010.

Prop. Cambridge: Salt Publishing, 2007.

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ABC of Reading TRG: Steve McCaffery, bpNichol, and the Toronto Research Group. The New Canadian Criticism Series. Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1999.

Power Lawn. Toronto: Coach House Books, 1999.



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5x8" size. 108 pages. May 2012. £7.00

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